

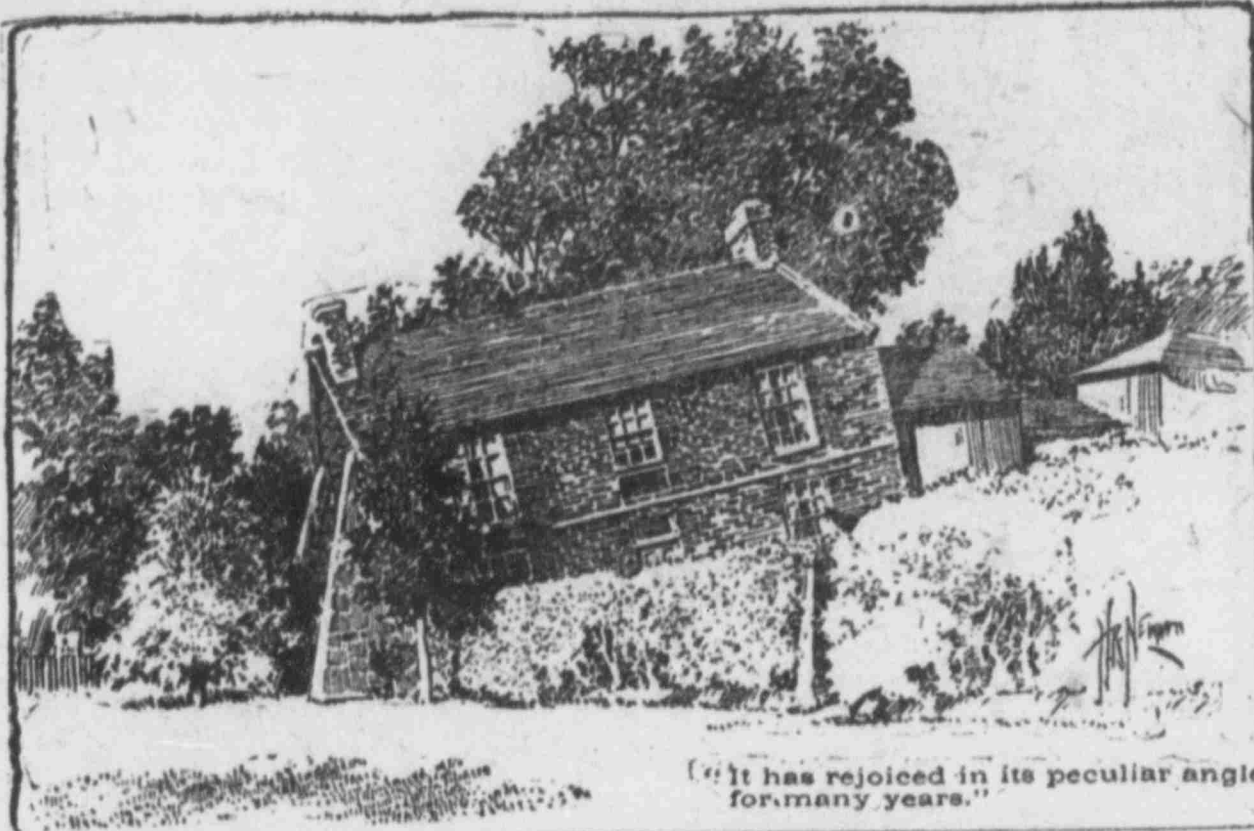
## THE QUAINTEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND

By Howard B. Newman

While cycling recently in England, through what is called the "Black Country," near Dudley, a turn in the road brought me suddenly before one of the strangest specimens of architecture in the world, rivaled only by the famous tower of Pisa, Italy.

It was the Glynne Arms, a roadside public house in the quaint little town of Himley. Locally it is known as the Siden House—"Siden" is a corruption of "all aside"—from the fact that it leans as far out of the perpendicular as is possible for a house to lean without tumbling over altogether.

It has rejoiced in its peculiar angle for many years, but it is only quite recently that the public curiosity has been aroused in it. Now it is the centre of attraction for miles around, and a favorite place for a drive on holidays. It is about three miles from Dudley and about the same distance from Wolverhampton, and is



near Himley Hall, the Staffordshire seat of the Earl of Dudley.

The working of the Himley collieries is responsible for the extraordinary attitude of the Glynne Arms. In fact, the mining subsidences have played strange tricks with house property in the Black Country.

It is said the house owes its name to the late Mr. Gladstone and his brother-in-law, Mr. Stephen Glynne, who jointly carried on in years gone by an important ironworks in the neighborhood.

The house itself is of a very unpretentious character, and is built of red brick. One end is supported by large stone buttresses. Entering at the front door, the visitor ascends a pair of stone steps into a somewhat wide passage, where the fun begins; for this passage has been rendered so uneven that he who traverses it lurches about from side to side like a landsman on board ship in a storm.

After a struggle the coffee-room is reached, and here the visitor is still more bewildered. The laws of gravitation seems to be an unknown quantity. A table stands by the window, apparently at a great slant, yet a marble placed upon it at the lower end runs rapidly up the table and falls over the higher side. A clock upon the table stands at an angle to its support, but it ticks comfortably, the pendulum swings regularly, and the hands show the correct time.

A shelf in the taproom seems to lean at an angle of many degrees toward the kitchen door; but place a marble upon the centre of it, and it stands there quite stationary.

There is a legend that relates how a beggar who was laboriously propelling himself along the road with a pair of crutches uttered a loud and dismal shriek upon coming in sight of the house and, throwing away his crutches, stampeded across the Black Country as fast as his good sound legs could carry him. Whether the sight of the exceeding crookedness of the inn had effected a miraculous cure, or whether the cure was due to a guilty conscience, remains an open question.

India's rice crop is a failure. Burma rice is going there weekly in shipments of 3000 tons.

## Made a Mistake.

The tube car gave a lurch. The young man who had just risen from his seat lost his balance. The tube car stopped with a jerk. The young man sat down automatically in the fashionable lady's lap. She began to shriek in this wise:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamppost or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support! You have no right to crowd in and tear other people to pieces with your big, clumsy hands! You pitiful clown, you! You aren't fit to be allowed among nice, quiet, well dressed people! You unmannerly bumpkin, you deserve to be!"

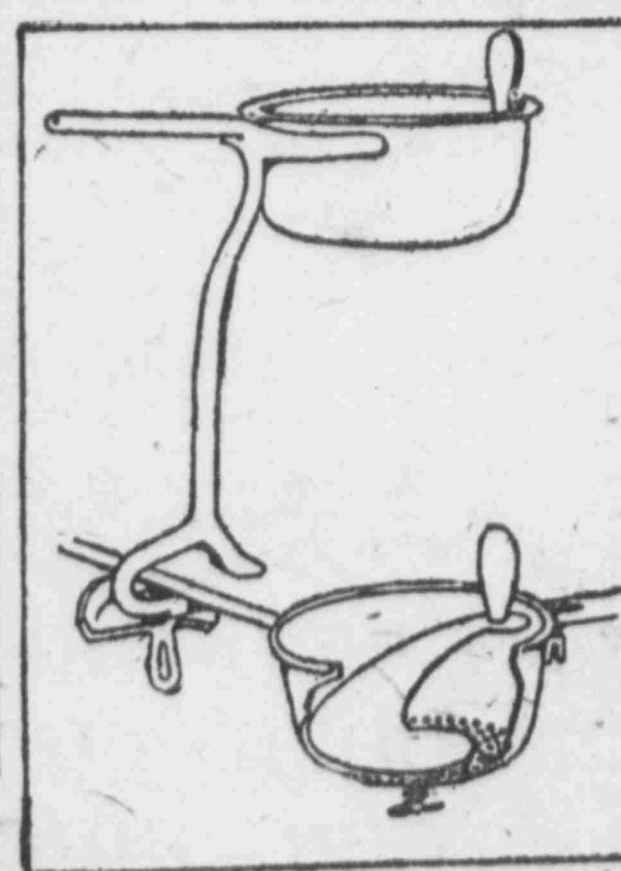
"Excuse me, madam," broke in the young man, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake?" demanded the lady, her eyes flashing with anger. "What do you mean?"

"This ma'am," replied the young man. "I am not your husband!"—Tit-Bits.

## Colander and Fruit Press.

A new piece of kitchen furniture has recently been invented and is being shown, which combines the functions of the fruit press and colander, with which it will be found possible to greatly simplify many of the culinary tasks. It is designed for the removal of seeds and skins from grapes, tomatoes and apples, ricing potatoes, extracting juices from fruit, smoothing laundry starch and a hundred other uses which will suggest themselves from time to time to the ingenious housekeeper and servant.



The device is mounted on a tinned malleable iron standard, which is provided with clamps by which it is firmly attached to the table by a single motion of the lock lever. The broken view shows the interior of the receptacle, and the spiral blade which operates as a press, the pressure being regulated by the tension spring. The bowl of the colander is of steel.—Washington Star.

An automatic burglar alarm has just been invented in Russia by Lieutenant-Colonel Tufiaey and a Mr. Domansky. The signal consists of 200 shots fired automatically.

The depth of the earth's atmosphere is from 120 to 200 miles.

## OLD FRONTIER HOUSE.

Government Building at Fort Whipple Cost \$90,000 and Sold for \$180.

"A \$90,000 house was sold at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, a few days ago for \$180," said George H. Morgan, a lawyer of Prescott, Ariz. "It was known as the old Gen. Crook house, and was owned by the Government. Gen. Crook occupied the house for several months, and it was on just a windy day as that of the sale that Gen. Crook rode away from the house in March 1885.

"The building was a nondescript style of architecture, constructed of stucco, adobe and frame. It was roomy and comfortable, with lofty ceilings and bay windows, through which could be seen the snow covered peaks of the mountains on one side and Thumb Butte and the city of Prescott on the other. The house contained more than 40,000 feet of lumber, and among other modern conveniences it had two bathtubs.

"While Gen. Crook was the occupant of the house he was engaged in a long and difficult campaign against the Indians. The old building is still well preserved. When the auctioneer announced the sale the bidding started at \$50, and this figure was raised from time to time, until it reached \$180, at which sum it was knocked down to the proprietor of a hotel. What the purchaser purposes to do with the house I don't know, but he was told that it must be removed shortly, as the Government would no longer be responsible for its safety.

"The house cost probably more than \$90,000. Every foot of the lumber in it was freighted from Los Angeles at a cost of 10 cents a pound. It was considerably enlarged after Gen. Crook left it. The latter's successor, Gen. Kautz, lived in it for a long time, but it has not been occupied for a number of years. At the time of its construction a guard of soldiers had to patrol the vicinity constantly to keep away the Indians. There was not a person at the sale who did not express regret that the Government should not allow this old house to remain.—Washington Post.

## Mr. Barrie's Apology.

Jim. Barrie lives in London, in a small, quaint house in Lancaster Gate. Just across the Bayswater Road is Kensington Garden. There in the Kensington Broadwalk the playwright takes his morning stroll among the flowers and the flowerlike children.

One morning in the Broadwalk an American lady twitted Mr. Barrie upon the thrifty way he uses jokes and episodes over and over again, exploding in "What Every Woman Knows," for instance, the same witicism that has already figured in "The Admirable Crichton," in "My Lady Nicotine," and in "Sentimental Tommy."

Mr. Barrie said with a laugh, that his nationality was to blame.

"I am a Scot," he said, "and we Scots abhor waste. Did you never hear of the aged Saunders Carlyle, who always drank off his whiskey to the last drop the very instant it was poured out for him?"

"Why do you drink down your liquor in that quick, greedy way?" a stranger said to Saunders in a reproachful tone.

"I once had one knocked over," the old man explained.—New York Times.

Mrs. Malaprop—Young Sharp will have to apologize before I'll speak to him again.

Miss Interest—Did he insult you?

Mrs. Malaprop—Did he? The last time I met him I told him that my uncle, Lord de Style, had locomotive attacks, and he had the impudence to ask if he "whistled at crossings." He's an unsympathetic brute.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No man dares dispute that a married woman is a slave. His wife won't let him.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

## Euthanasia.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to chloroform an injured cat or dog, whose place is it to pay for the anaesthetic? That is a question that arises very often in this town. Every day cats and dogs whose natural agility was not sufficient to keep them out of the way of automobiles and delivery wagons are mercifully dispatched by humane citizens. Sometimes the policeman who is called in carries the injured animal to a vacant lot and shoots it, but usually out of consideration for public safety, the chloroform route is chosen. In that case the question is, "Who shall buy the chloroform?" Simple-minded bystanders expect the policeman to buy it, but he rarely lives up to their expectations.

"That animal ain't hurt bad," is what he usually says. "It don't need no chloroform. It'll be friskin' around like anything in a few minutes. Anyhow, it's best to notify the S. P. C. A."

The sympathetic crowd, however, thinks the poor creature ought to be put out of its suffering at once, and sometimes a particularly affluent person contributes the required amount to buy the drug. In case the affluent humanitarian is conspicuous by his absence, the money is obtained by taking up a collection. Then there always is criticism, the smallest subscriber usually wanting to know what the S. P. C. A. is for anyway, and what it does with all the money it gets.—New York Times.

## Getting Legal Advice.

You should always find out who is telephoning to you—if you can. There's a Broadway lawyer who at present is wishing he had. The other day a lady rang him up and refused to give her name to his clerk, saying that she wished to talk on personal and private business. As soon as the lawyer himself picked up the receiver, before he could make any inquiries, she began: "Oh, please tell me, must there not be two copies of a lease?"

"Why," he answered, "it is usual to give one to the landlord's agent and one to the lessee. But who are—?"

"Yet, the fact that the wife of the lessee had never seen a copy of the lease wouldn't keep it from being legally binding?"

"No," slipped from the lawyer, who quickly added: "But before I discuss the matter further may I ask to whom?"

There was a pretty little laugh—he admits it was pretty even now. "Oh, I'm—Mrs. Brown, and I live—on Broadway. You don't know me,"—it was obvious, likewise, that he wouldn't—"but I've always heard your advice was so very valuable, and I wanted a lawyer, and so I just called you up. Good-bye."

And when he asked for the number Central gave him the Grand Central Station.—New York Times.

## Truck Garden of Brittany.

Plougastel is prosperous in these days, and very busy, especially in the strawberry season, which provides work for every man, woman and child in the village. The berries are picked and packed with great care, most of them being shipped to Plymouth, whence they find a ready market in all parts of England. Some parts of Brittany seem to have become one vast market garden for the benefit of Great Britain, for the quantity of fruit and vegetables sent over is something enormous. There are acres and acres of asparagus fields cultivated for Covent Garden, and as for potatoes, the Britons themselves are puzzled to know what the English can possibly do with them. A woman asked me one day and when I told her we ate them she said it was impossible, that we must use them in the manufactures—dans les usines.—New Orleans

The Dutch collar may be worn with dresses and is equally good on coats.